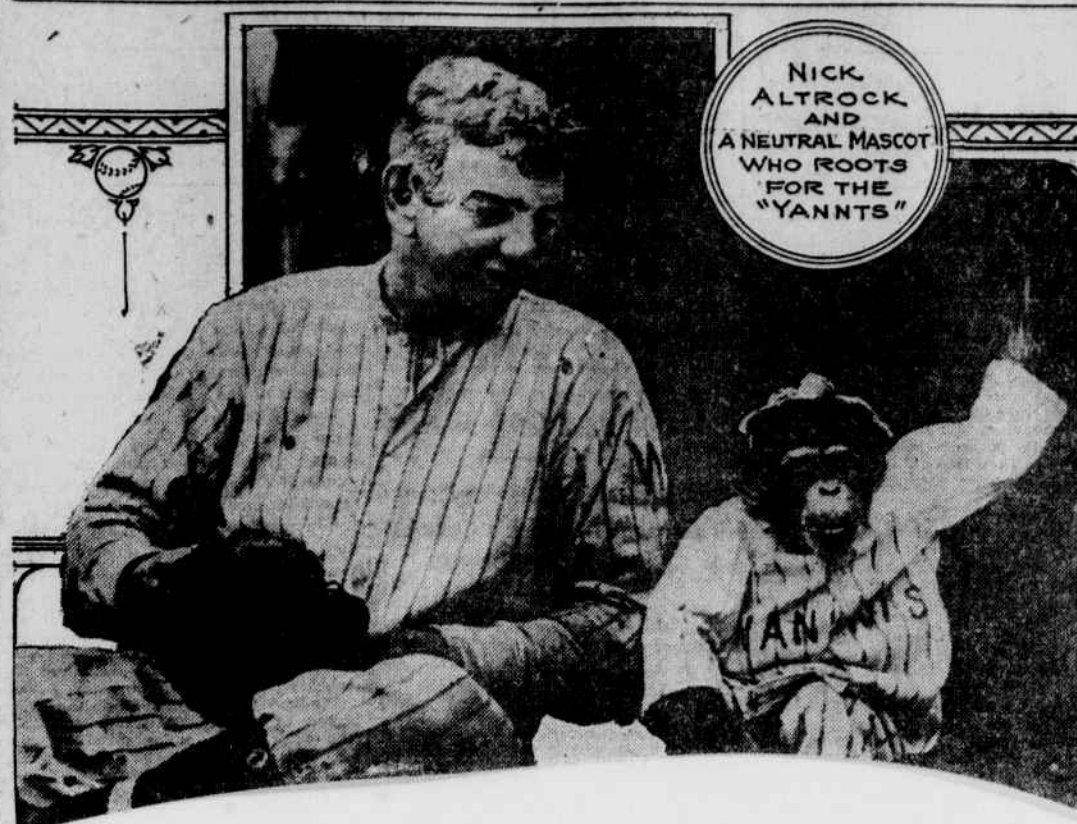


FRANK FRISCH'S BATTING PLAYS LEADING PART IN TRIUMPH OF GIANTS

Sacrifice Hit and Single
by Flash Score Two Runs

Bancroft Scores in Third and Seventh When Fordham-ite Delivers—Schang's Double and Bob Meusel's Hit Make Up Only Yankee Threat.

Opposing Twirlers and the Funmakers

YANKS' LIBERALITY
DARKENS CHANCES

Spotting Giants to Halfway Handicap Gives American Leaguers Big Job.

By WALTER TRUMBULL.

From a Yankee standpoint the world series begins to look a little shaded. If they are going to start after the Giants they had better get busy or the race will be merely a matter of record. The half-way mark is quite a handicap to give anybody a sprint.

We cannot help reflecting upon how foolish those who gave odds on the Yankees must feel. They would have been just as silly before the series started to give odds on the Giants. A world series is an even bet. Yet, there will be a lot of them doing the same thing next season. Mr. Barnum calculated one minute, but the birth rate has increased since his day.

Regardless of what the odds may or may not have shown, let us take a peek at the facts. Up to the present time the Yankees have been outlived, outpitched and outfielded. The Giant column may show more errors, but figures on paper and figures on the field are different things.

Colonel Huston declared to us after the game yesterday that he had a fighting ball club and that it still would win. Certainly, if the Yankees have the real fighting spirit now is the time to show it. The Giant pitchers didn't make much of a hit with the Yankees before the series began, but the Yankees haven't made many hits off the Giant pitchers since.

Jack Scott's Great Victory.

Today's victory was a great thing for Jack Scott. We saw the tall pitcher name, and he naturally was "arm felt right and I knew it was a lot to me," he said. "I certainly was away so well."

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Bleacherites Make Merry
and Many Monkey Shines

Two 'Wildcat' Persons Talk Things Over and Make Numerous Wagers, With Caustic Comments—One Lady Hurls Her Hat.

By EDWARD ANTHONY.

THE BLEACHERS, Polo Grounds, yesterday, 11:50.—A bleacherite recognizes us as we saunter down the center field runway. He walks over—and makes a request. "Will we put his name in the paper?" We mentioned a lot of other guys yesterday, he points out, and why not him? We don't like to be dictated to in this fashion. If he's a good fellow, we'll put his name in the paper. He gets his cigar back. "H-m, he tastes fine." The fan's name is Arthur Waters.

"Howdy, Sam! Howdy!" "How's ever 'll thing, Walter?" "Ah ain't kickin' Sam; no, suh, ah ain't kickin'." "An' how is dey un' you?"

"Tol'able good, Walter—tol'able good. Ain't no use complainin'. It don't git you nuthin'. 'S longa I's abaid on de rent and got what to eat I's satisfied, boy."

"Same here, boy; dat's whut ah always say." "Sho is noble weather for de ball game?" "Sho is."

"Who you like to-day, Walter? De Yanks 'o de Gints?" "Ain't nuthin' to it but the Gints, Sam. Ah lays mah jack wid McGraw ever time. Sho is de thinkin' manah ah evah seed."

"Ah likes de Yanks to-day, Walter. Wid de yere Hoyt in de box dey sho looks good fo' mah money. He feed dem Gints goose aigs las' yeah and heah's five bucks day says he's gwine to do it agin."

"Two Bucks Say 'No'?" "How come yo' think I's a millionaire, boy? Ain't got no five dollars. Think I's one o' dese yere visitin' bankers? But heah's two bucks dat says you is all wrong. Boy, deah's a gwine to enjoy spendin' yo' money."

"Boy, yo' ain't gwine to spend none o' mah money. When ah fits theo wid you, boy, you's gwine to be clean in ever' pocket. Hot dam! Ball game, git won! Git won by de Yanks!" "Taint no use supplicatin' dem Yanks, Sam. Dey's de praver-ignor-est bunch o' ball players ah evah seed. If dey don't listen when Milluh Huggins prays fo' dem to win, dey ain't gwine to listen when you pray. Boy, you is cooked, dass all-cooked, whut ah mean."

"How you git dat way, man? I'm tellin' you right, ah's intin' wid a cravin' fo' to see you eat dem words. And you is gwine to eat 'em, too, remember dat, chile. Who is yo' wond'rin' Milluh McGraw gwine to pitch dis afternoon? De bat boy? McGraw ain't got no mo' pitchers den you got sense, boy."

"Now ah knows yo' brain is dead, man. McGraw he kin pitch anybody an' win. McGraw he signal de pitcher whut kind o' ball to pitch an' all the pitcher got to do is pitch it. Dat's system, boy. Is tellin' you, he's de thinkin' manah ah evah seed. Ah could go in dere mahself an' win ash dem Yanks wid McGraw tellin' me whut to pitch."

"Whieah at yo' git dat stuff, boy? You is gone in de head, dass all-gone in de head. Wait till de ball game start; yo's gwine to sing a different tune. Stah! de ball game, ump-uh! Mah head is hot fo' action!" "Dass whut ah say. Stah! de ball game. Ah can't wait till 2 o'clock. Yassuh, ah can't wait to spend yo' money. Money! Dat's de good thing dat ah is of. Boy, I's gwine to have a fine time wid yo' two dollars."

"That's all we can hear. Sam and Walter are moving away."

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Continued from First Page.

plained. Later in the game the Babe tried to apologize to Heinie. Heinie refused to accept the said apology. He still believes that Mr. George Herman Ruth is a rude baseball player.

Charm of the Iron Hat Falls.

For the first time during the current series Col. Tillinghast L'Hommiedu Huston donned the iron hat. The charm of that celebrated chapeau seems to have been dissipated. Though this great warrior was wearing the very headpiece that carried the Yankees through their season, the New York Americans lost the third game. They lost it very thoroughly, too. The artillery, in other words the batters, on whom the owners of the Yanks are depending did not hit. John William Scott, once a problem but now a hero, must have had something to do with this. At any rate the Yankees did not hit. When a team fails to hit they get no runs and when they do not get runs they do not win any baseball games.

The very expensive Mr. Ruth could not even reach third. Economically John J. McGraw seemed to have considerable of an advantage. It seems that when Scott was discarded by Herr August Herman he was getting as much as \$2,400 per season. In Boston, where John William used to be paid off, this was considered quite a sum. In Ridgeway, N. C., John William was regarded as quite a wealthy person. Consider it in this light, here is a \$2,400 pitcher beating something like a million dollar baseball club. These things happen only in our national pastime.

Baseball history in the Scott case will credit McGraw with great luck or great intelligence. Your correspondent would like to look back on it as an evidence of McGraw's good natured faith in human beings. It was something more than luck, your correspondent thinks.

Along came the lumbering Tar Heel who had been turned loose by August Herman. "Mr. McGraw," he said, "I can pitch. The old soper is coming back. I know it is coming back."

Scott Replaces Phil Douglas. "If you think so, stick around," said McGraw. So Jack Scott, or John William, to give him the whole of the name, started to pitch to his way back. By the time the Giants started on their road trip John William was signed as a regular pitcher. He replaced Shufflin' Phil Douglas who was shuffled out of baseball at the time. Shufflin' Phil, it will be recalled, was one of the heroes of last year's series. Now John William Scott of Ridgeway, N. C., is the leading candidate for the heroism of the current series.

The Giants got their first two runs in the third inning. Scott, the sore arm pitcher, started the scoring with a single. Bancroft shot a hard one at Ward, who juggled the ball. Scott reached third. Heinie der Groh dribbled one down to Hoyt and Scott was caught between third and the home plate. While Dugan was playing a game of tag with Scott Bancroft reached second and Heinie der Groh reached second.

This brought up Frank Frisch, the jumping frog of Fordham. Frisch lifted a sacrifice fly to center and Bancroft scored. Then came Irish Meusel, who hits when hits mean something. He hit to right and Groh scored the second run.

This gave John William plenty of confidence, if he needed any. It seems that he did not. John William had perfect confidence in himself as he started the game. It was not a bit of self-confidence either. John William did not feel the least bit like a hero last night. He

did not give himself the airs of one either. In the seventh inning Bancroft drew a base on balls. Then Heinie der Groh, the hitter of the current series, singled to right. Frank Frisch, the Fordham football player, also singled to approximately the same spot and Bancroft scored.

John William Scott, who has given more or less publicity to his town of Ridgeway, N. C., was one of the passengers on the Casey Stengel Special on which your correspondent returned after the Giants had made their drive of nine and two. At that time John William confessed that his soupbone was getting back into shape. Your correspondent was incredulous. He wishes to take this opportunity to make a public apology.

John William's old soper certainly did come back. As a matter of fact it seems to be at the present writhe historic soupbone of the series. Yankee pitchers have been dispo the three best. John William's sore arm is getting better every day. He wants to pitch once more this time. He wants to demonstrate what he is capable of at the start of the season he could pitch his arm back into last night. Somebody asked him had wired the news to Ridgeway. "Hell, no!" said John briefly. "I ain't no telegraph station in the anyhow. And besides, the whole is with me, the misue and the sater. No, it wasn't the misue that me after the game. Mrs. Casey beat her to it."

The Tar Heel, whose faith in self made McGraw adopt him, his long legs across the corridor. Ansonia Hotel and proceeded to show his little farm at Ridgeway. John William says that he is going to have a big crop next year. Your correspondent will bet on that or on else that John William happens serve.

Joe McGinn, Sporting Writer Dies After Lingerin Ill

Joseph McGinn, a well known writer of this city, died at his 2113 Sixty-second street, Brooklyn, today after a lingering illness. McGinn at the time of death was her of the staff of the Associated Press, which organization he was with since 1892. He was 64 years old and lived by three sons and three daughters. The funeral will take place tomorrow at 9:30 from his late home.

Mr. McGinn was born in Ireland and came to this country in 1884. He was a member of the Associated Press and the Associated Press. He was a member of the Associated Press and the Associated Press. He was a member of the Associated Press and the Associated Press.

Coming to this country, he in newspaper work first in Phil later coming to New York, where he connected with such old time as the Mercury, the New York Times and the New York Recorder, and various times, with the Evening News and the New York Times and the New York Times.

"A. P." man until his death, he did little work during the last few years of his life.

Half a dozen Fordham Hospital surgeons sat in natty white uniforms in the press section during the game. Queried as to "What are they doing here?" "Oh," he answered, "they're just prepared to pick up the umpire's remains if another world series game is called on account of darkness before 4:40 P. M."

Just to show how sore they were at the way they had been deprived of an extra inning or two the day before the fans filled the stands again to suffocation.

The only bored individual within the grounds was the monkey that Altrock and Schacht trotted out to assist them in their pantomime program just before game time.

The series is only two games old, but it has already put expert prediction to shame.

Cheer or boo? Half the fans do not know when to do which. If the first out-break on the part of any individual or group of individuals happens to be a cheer, 30,000 of the 37,000 will follow suit. If it's a groan, 30,000 will follow suit. It's a groan, 30,000 will follow suit. It's a groan, 30,000 will follow suit.

Simple Enough...
Prevent Two More
Defeats.

By SAMUEL J. BROOKMAN.

The Yankees' cause is not hopeless by any means. They have but to win four of the next five.

Great Scott, but Scott was great! Think of a pitcher whose arm was pronounced absolutely "gone" in a brief few months ago twirling a four hit shutout in a world series!

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Another Yankee pitching ace made to look like a ducat. It was not Hoyt's day. At the end of the fourth inning every man on the Giant team with the exception of Bancroft had poked out a hit, and even Banny had reached first safely on a doubtful error by Ward off his hot shot to second.

In trying to reach third in the fourth inning Bambino Ruth descended upon Heinie Groh like a ton of coal. Heinie was right in his path, however, and the collision could not be avoided. The

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Composite Score of First, Second and Third Games of World Series

YANKS.																				GIANTS.																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																
Player.	ab	r	h	2b	3b	hr	tb	so	bb	hp	sh	sb	Bat.	avg.	po	a	e	avg.	ab	r	h	2b	3b	hr	tb	so	bb	hp	sh	sb	Bat.	avg.	po	a	e	avg.																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																
Witt, c.	12	0	2	0	0	1	0	4	2	1	0	0	0	.167	3	1	0	.000	Dugan, 3b.	13	3	2	1	0	0	4	1	0	0	0	.231	5	4	0	.000	Ruth, 1b.	11	2	1	0	0	0	3	2	1	0	0	.182	6	0	0	.000	Pipp, 2b.	12	1	1	0	0	0	2	0	0	0	0	0	.083	3	1	0	.083	R. Meusel, lf.	12	1	1	0	0	0	2	0	0	0	0	0	.083	3	1	0	.083	Schang, c.	10	0	2	1	0	0	3	1	0	0	0	0	.200	14	3	0	.000	Ward, 2b.	7	1	1	0	0	1							.143	3	1	0	.000	McNally, 2b.	10	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	.100	0	1	0	.000	E. Scott, ss.	3	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	.000	0	0	0	.000	Bush, p.	2	0	1	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	.500	1	2	0	.000	Hoyt, p.	4	0	0	0	0	0	1	1	0	0	0	0	0	.000	0	0	0	.000	Shawkey, p.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	.000	0	0	0	.000	Jones, p.	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	.000	0	0	0	.000	Elmersmith	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	.000	0	0	0	.000	Baker	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	.000	0	0	0	.000
Totals.	99	5	19	4	1	1	27	13	4	1	2	0	0	.192	78	26	1	.004	99	5	19	4	1	1	27	13	4	1	2	0	0	.192	78	26	1	.004																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																